$10.00

HARD TO TAKE

ADULTS ONLY

Third Time Around

As told by
PAUL LAURENCE
To FRANK GOLOVITZ

It was a hard blow to my mother when I joined the Navy, and a hard blow to my old man a year later when I was home on leave and announced that I wasn't going to marry Peggy, the nice chick I'd dated all through high school, and who'd really got to be a member of my family already. I don't think it was much of a blow to Peggy, cause she seemed to sense

even before my own head was entirely clear on the subject that I was more than half gay. The hard blow came for me when the Navy three months later found that out—but they had no definite evidence on me, so I was one of those who got off easy with a fast but honorable discharge.

I still had $700 left me when Uncle Harris'd died, plus a bit I'd saved up from part-time jobs at home and a lot of poker games in the service, so I took a neat little West Hollywood bungalow in a court, furnished it to my liking, and settled down to let nature take its course. Which meant a few gay bars, a little Fern Dell fun, an occasional day at the beach, and plans to start UCLA in a month or two (with a little help from my family), and the indescribable excitement of marching in one of Hollywood Boulevard's annual Gay Pride parades, listening to the speeches afterward at a rally in the park, and hanging around for hours at the gay carnival.

And that was where I caught sight of the handsome, dark-haired guy who lives with his family in the back house of our court. He had a steady chick who spent as much time hanging around him as Peggy had with me at home, so even if I'd already been excited by his looks and his jaunty manner, I'd considered him unavailable.

He'd had me sized up fully though—hell, three different times he'd seen one of my overnight guests departing, and I guess he was just about up to the point where I was before I told my parents it wouldn't work out with me and Peggy. He had no trouble relating to girls, but he'd always known he liked guys better, and he was far from being a virgin. Still, until he watched that Gay Pride parade, and listened to the rousing speeches in the park, he'd held himself off from facing right up to his own spirit and saying, "This is the way I am. I'm gay and that's that." June 30, 1974 in Hollywood did it for him, and I had seen him (he saw me too) the first time I passed the kissing booth at the carnival, and he was hot in the

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embrace of one of the beautiful blond guys there.

I think I could have moved right in on him then and there—I certainly wanted to—but I'd fallen in with three crazy guys I'd met at Gino's, and they dragged me away before I could speak to Bill.

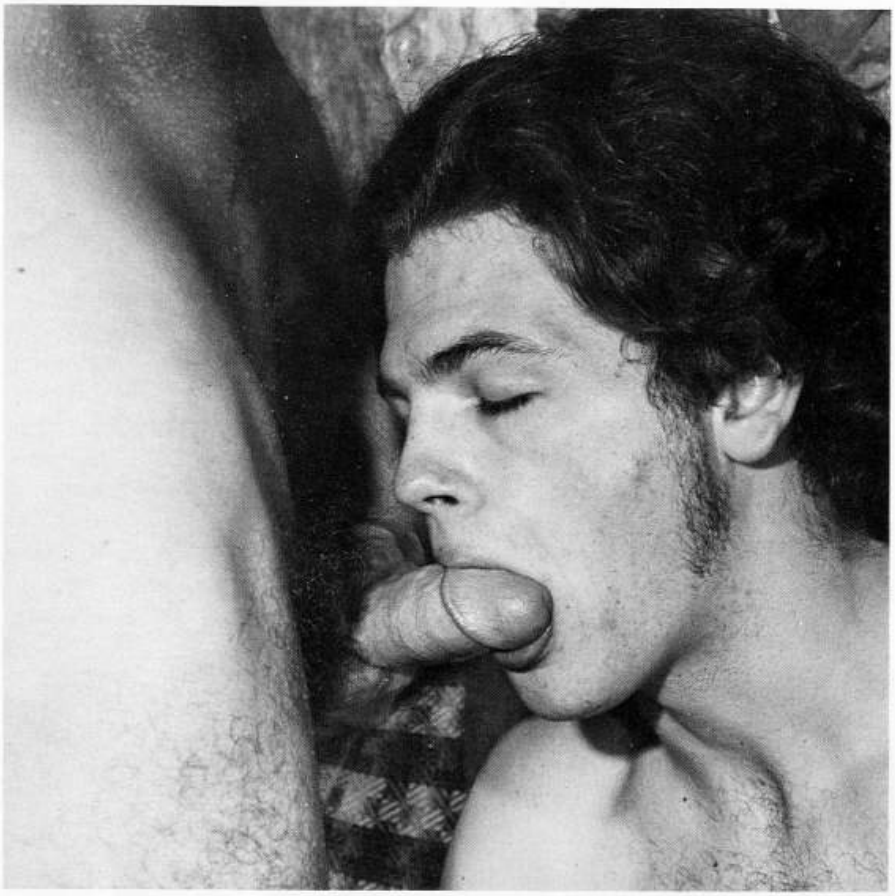
Yes, that was his name, Bill Bergstrom. I'd learned that months back when I first thought of spreading my net for him and decided it wouldn't be fair to his girlfriend.

But next afternoon he "swam" right up our walkway and into my net. I was standing in the doorway (and that was no accident) when he came home. I was shirtless, and he had on a really super shirt—the same one he'd worn yesterday. I waved as he approached, and he came right up without the least hesitation. A fast, warm handshake, then we were kissing, right out front where his folks or anyone could've seen if they'd looked out the window right then. He was too full of newfound gay pride to even think about caution—or to give a damn if he had thought about it.

I have this bar chair just inside my front door, and still kissing, Bill steered me into the room and into the seat, his hand on my excited crotch, his mouth more passionate than any I'd ever come across before. It was only with difficulty that I managed to kick the door closed, but anyone going past could have seen in.

He didn't care. Almost seemed to want to be seen. Later he said his folks had caught him in bed with a friend when he was about eleven, and had sent him to a shrink, who advised them to just let "nature take its course," and that he'd phoned them last night from the house of the guy I'd seen him kissing, and told them that finally nature had done just that.

"More than anything, they sounded relieved that I'd made my decision. Their fears and resistance got worked out years ago, so it was just a matter of breaking down the barriers I'd set up in myself."



The conversation took a vacation then while he did a head job on me, and he was the greatest! Not in a hurry like some guys, who seem to think it's just a race to milk out your juice and forget the whole thing. No, Bill really romanced my cock, slow and easy, with a loving concentration that was beautiful to watch—and to feel.

It seemed like the glass door to the patio—shared by six small houses—was a partner to our act, and after I'd come, and we got our clothes off, except for his skivvies, I went down on him with him backed right up against the glass! A crazy thing to do, the sort of thing that's only possible with a bright kid who just came out really the day before, and an equally crazy dope who also feels he wants the world to know. Tomorrow, we'd both have more sense. There are ways to tell the world without taking such a risk . . . but I don't regret doing it that way. It was as liberating a feeling as the parade had been.

The path outside my door wasn't exactly Times Square, but the normal flow of passersby would have meant that at least five or six people would have seen us. We weren't watching, but so far as we directly learned, we were seen by two very interested parties: one newsboy who'd already shown an interest in each of us, and came around next day for a little fun; and Mr. Bergstrom, Bill's father, who to our surprise, reacted almost the same way—except that he didn't wait till next day to tap on my door. I nearly had heart failure when I looked up (I was perched up on my bar chair, with Bill giving it to me up the ass, and really into the spirit) and saw who was there. It didn't even seem to phase Bill at all.

I let Mr. Bergstrom in and he sounded real cool about it all, except he insisted that we either

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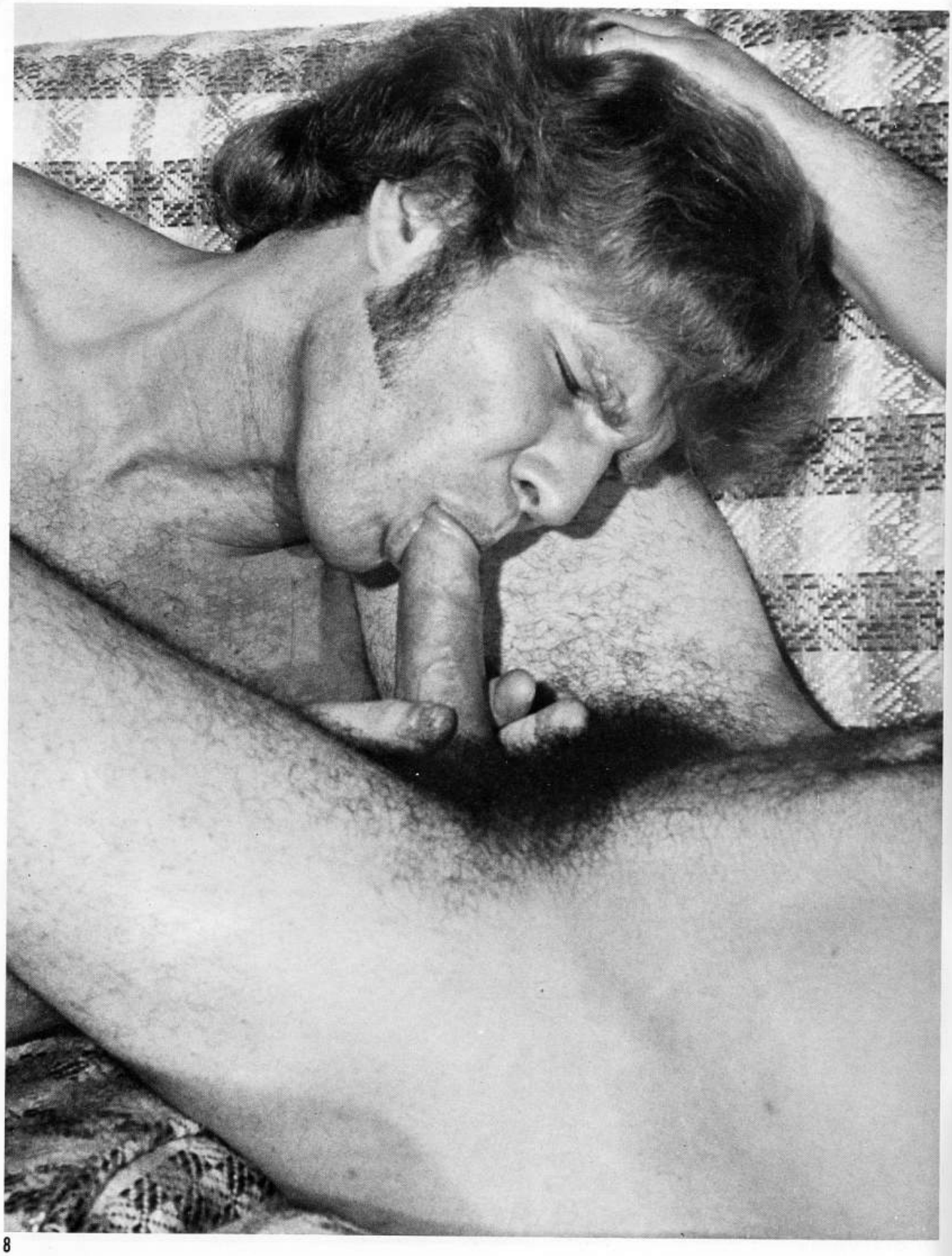

draw the drapes or go in the other room till we'd finished. I was amazed. I think my own father would have called the police, or threatened to murder one of us. But Mr. Bergstrom had a surprising confession—that he'd had sex with guys himself, even after getting married; that he'd never felt right about it; and that his real reason for being so upset when that first thing came up with Bill was his own guilt, his feeling that he was responsible for his son being that way. "If you ever wondered, son, why that psychiatrist didn't have very much to say to *you,* it was because he recognized that *I* was the one with the problem."

Bill and I were sitting, stripped

bare, on the living-room couch, and not entirely keeping our hands off one another, and I think Mr. Bergstrom really wanted to join us. But he talked, rather sadly I felt, about trying so hard to be a good husband and father, then he left. It took us awhile to get our steam up again, and after a long, sweet 69, where I think I got the better of the action, Bill crouched over the back of the sofa and I banged his ass, which felt a little funny, cause he was real hairy in back, and he'd shaved it not long before—so it was sorta like kissin a guy with heavy stubble on his face. But that doesn't say I didn't enjoy the kissing, both before and after I'd plowed his hole . . . and I hung in there long enough to come a couple times.

I couldn't tell for sure how Bill was feeling, but I was like a pipe organ in a big cathedral, with all the romantic stops pulled out, and all the sexy pedals going wild. I was insane with excitement, joy, gay pride and love, and if his way of putting on the signed, sealed and delivered stamp of his feelings was to do it right in front of a door you could see through, only twenty feet from his parents' house, then mine was to take his

cock back into my mouth after he'd been fucking me (not right after—I'd browned him in the meantime) without insisting that he wash off first.

I'd always been real insistent about this before, never putting a prick in my mouth without making its owner wash off beforehand, and wash off again if he perspired too much or if he'd had it up my backside. One guy I'd been with a few weeks back had argued that if a few flecks of stuff came out of my own bowels, it could go through me again without any contamination, but his saying that upset me so I couldn't do anything more with him, even though he was a real groovy type and real clean.

But this time there was no pulling back, just a wild exhilaration,

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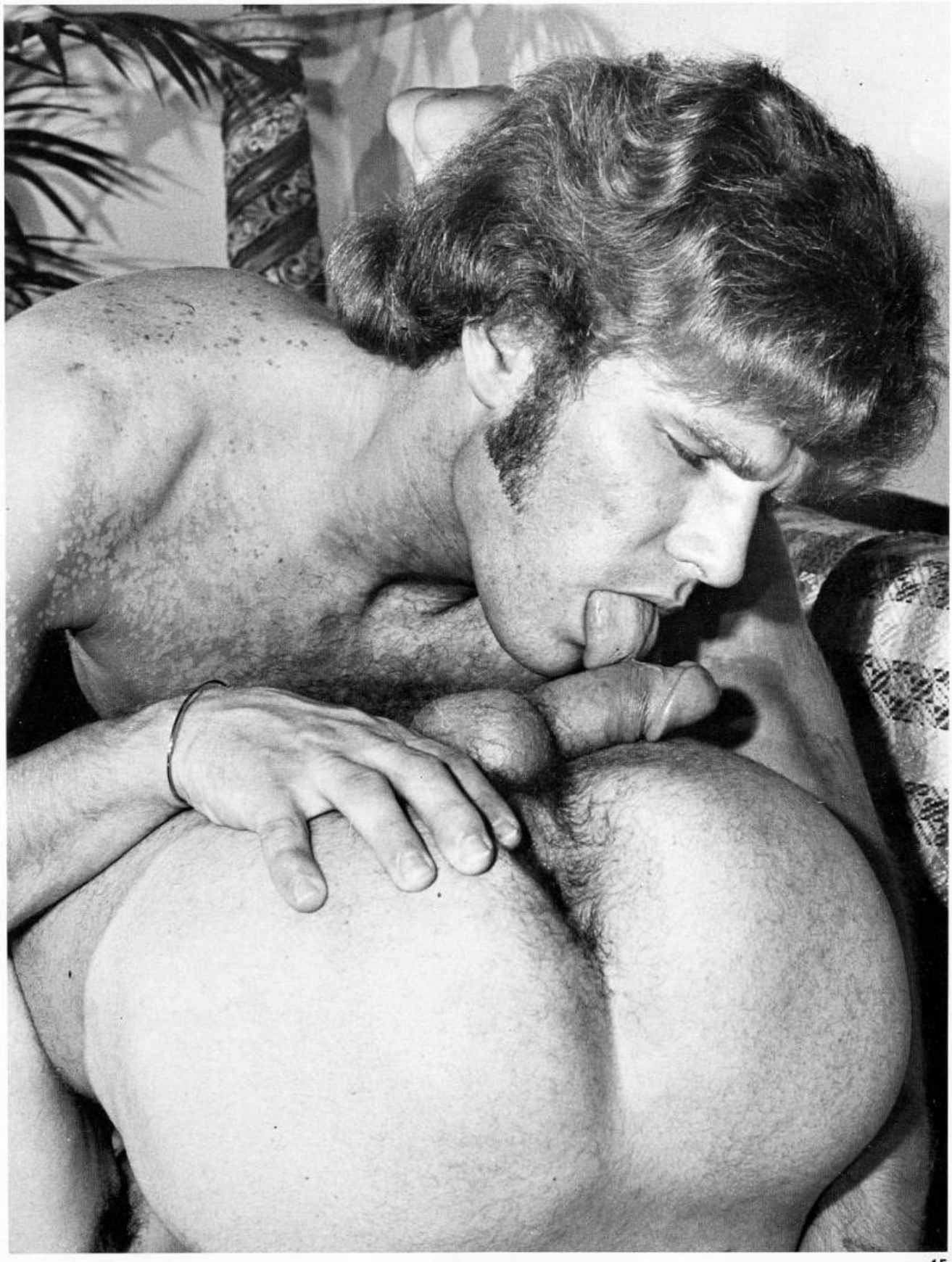

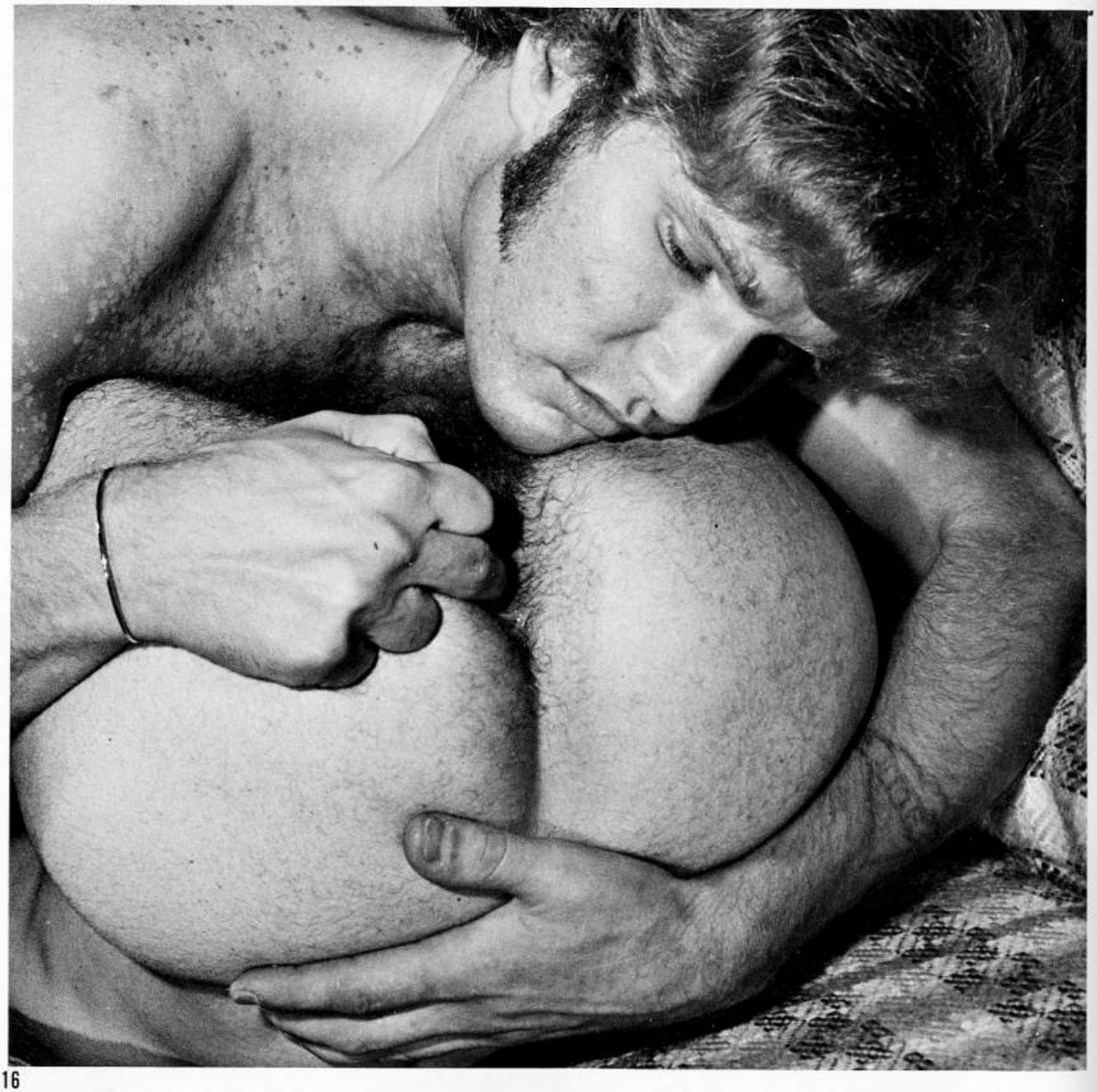

as if I'd risen over some impediment in my own spirit, as if to do what I'd previously found offensive, and to do it particularly to Bill, was the most beautiful thing I'd ever done. I don't suppose you can know what that meant to me, what it felt like, until you've broken barriers with someone you're madly in love with, and who feels the same way about you. I was even imagining what it might feel like, while I had Bill's prick in my mouth, to have his father fucking me . . . but so far, at least, that's just a fantasy, though the newsboy has been in five times for three-ways.

The Hardy Boys

As told by
ROB TURNER
To FRANK GOLOVITZ

If you know, like I did, that you've got a weakness for other guys, and you're fighting a long battle not to give in to it, then don't get a job like I did fitting men's trousers in a department store.

Actually, I had no such intention of getting that kind of job. I'd gone to work at May Company (and let me tell you, I could recommend better places to work) as a stock clerk and had been at that five months when the Christmas rush started and there was a lot of personnel shifting, and one day, the boss asked me to wear a suit next day, and that I could move up to sales, with a nice raise involved.

I didn't think anything about it when I found out I was going in the men's mod shop, and actually, three hours'd gone by before the first time a guy asked me to measure him for pants—and in the Christmas rush, nobody'd even told me how to do it. But this customer didn't particularly turn me on, so I didn't think much about it.

Fifteen minutes later was different. I saw the guy actually when he came through the front door of the store, and I couldn't keep my eyes off him, a big football-player type, with a face and a build like a Greek god, and I could tell he was heading right for my department, and for me.

He was playing Mister Sexy to the hilt, and just as I expected, he insisted he didn't have the least idea what size trousers he wore, and when I measured him, he kept insisting I get the tape up further in his crotch, otherwise the leg length wouldn't be right. I was sweating so bad, I think if my supervisor had come by, I'd have walked off the job right there.

Well, I finally got through waiting on Mister Sexy, and in spite of his finding every excuse he could to rub up against me, the proposition I was afraid of never came, and I had long enough to settle my nerves some before the next crisis.

If you're shy about touching another man's body, because you

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know how very much you really want to touch it more, measuring guys for pants size can be pure torment. And the guys who are edgy themselves are almost as bad as the ones who really push themselves at you. Anyhow, the day went from bad to worse until Jim White came in the store. He was more attractive to me even than that first football type, but there was also something about him that put me at my ease.

He just had an easygoing attitude, natural, graceful, unassuming, a little catlike. He gave me the feeling I didn't have to worry about him. And even though his pants were fairly tight, there didn't seem to be anything showing in the crotch, which made me feel—like—he was safe, like I could run my hands up between his legs with the tape, and there'd be no risk of being embarrassed.

Of course it turned out I was very wrong about that.

Some guys can go from completely soft to a full erection in not much more than a second, and that was exactly what he did just when I had my hand cupped in the right position. One second there didn't seem to be anything under the cloth but his leg (and I remember liking the feel of that) and all of a sudden the thing sprouted and grew right down his leg into my hand, and almost by instinct, I grabbed the bulge, like I was hoping to make it stop growing.

And he was looking down at me, his eyes twinkling, saying, "Relax, man. I'm sorry."

His apologizing to me, when I was always the one who felt embarrassed, made the whole difference, broke the dam on what had been building up in me all day, or really all my life, and when he went on in a soft voice, "It ain't that I don't like the feel of it, but I think you oughta let go. Someone might notice."

Then he gave me such a melt-

ingly intimate look that I was completely softened up for what he said next: "If you get off when the store closes I'd sure like to wait for you so we could get better acquainted."

I couldn't believe my own voice saying yes, reminding him that the store would be closed in ten minutes, and that I'd meet him at the south exit about fifteen minutes after that.

My heart was singing so I didn't even think about ducking out on him. I rushed through my checkout and even though it was my first time and I got half my figures wrong, I was still out in the parking lot one minute sooner than I'd said.

I'd been sweating badly all day, and I burst into a sweat again when I didn't see him at first. Then he came up behind me and ran a finger very lightly down the middle of my back—like an electric shock—a good shock.

I swung around fast, brushing my cheek against his natural, and almost caught myself grabbing for his crotch again. We went to my place and I excused myself to take a shower, leaving the door ajar without even thinking about it.

I was a little astonished when he came in while I was still showering and sat on the toilet seat to talk. I'd never had a guy watch me while I was undressed before, but he was casual about it—and besides, I'd already made up my mind I was going to go to bed with him—or whatever.

Then he reached between my legs, chuckled, saying that it feels good even without a tape measure, and got a firm hold of my buns. My penis started to rise, and next thing I knew he had it in his mouth, which sure didn't do anything to cool it off. I was still dripping, and even starting to sweat again, and then, well, I don't really remember what happened next. I think I stepped out of the show-

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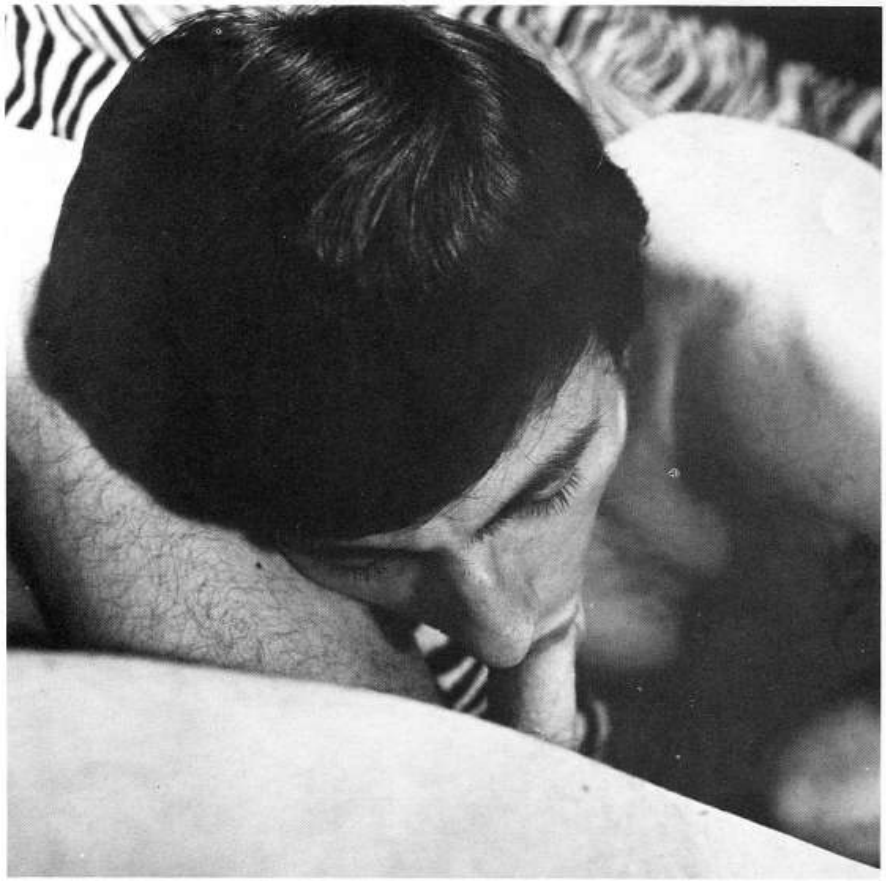

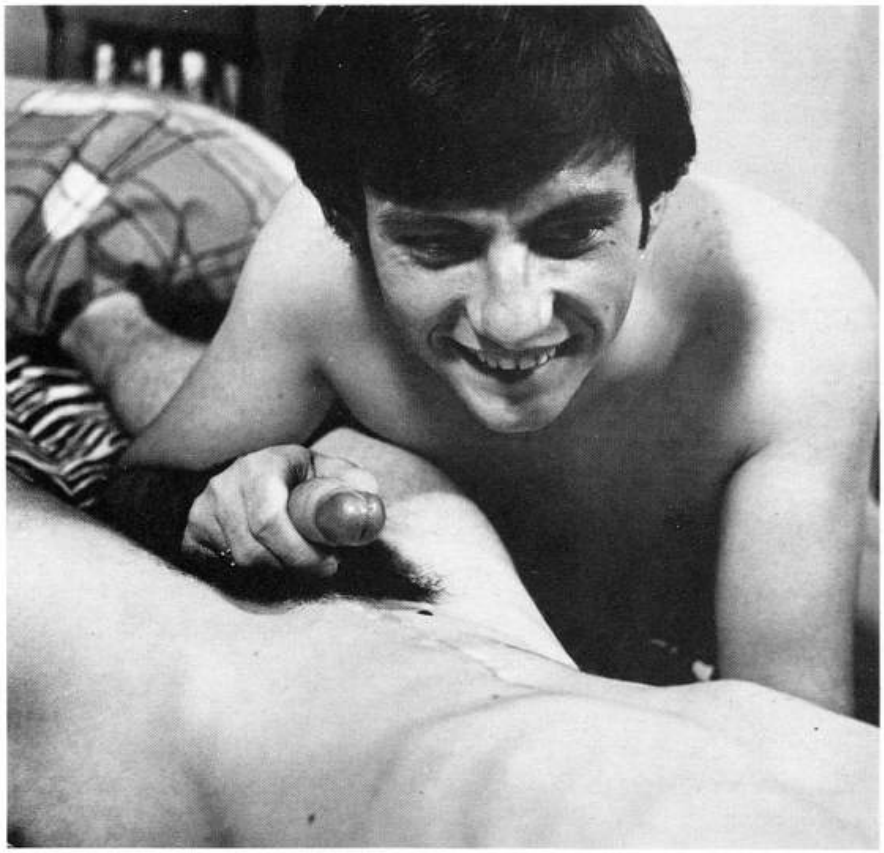

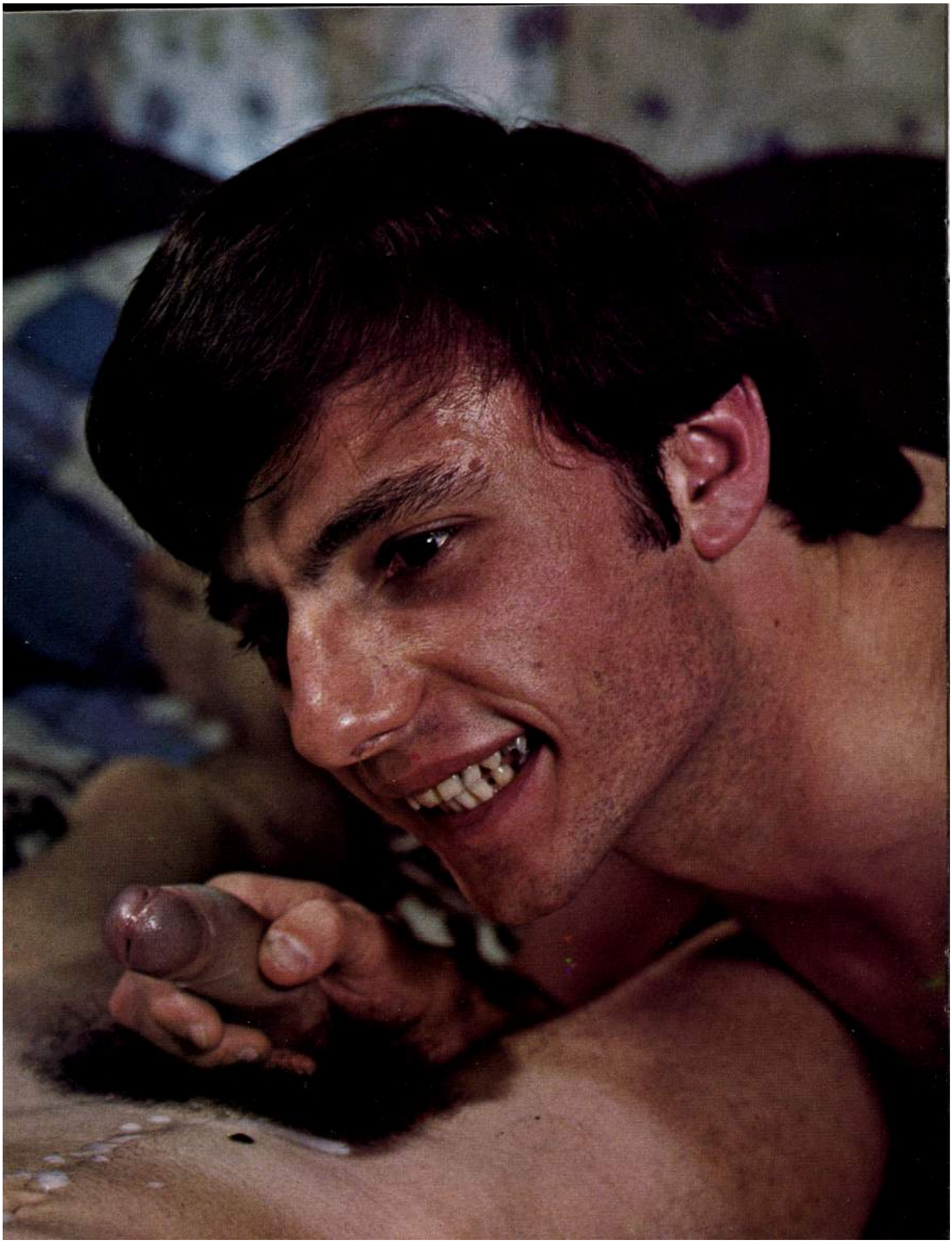

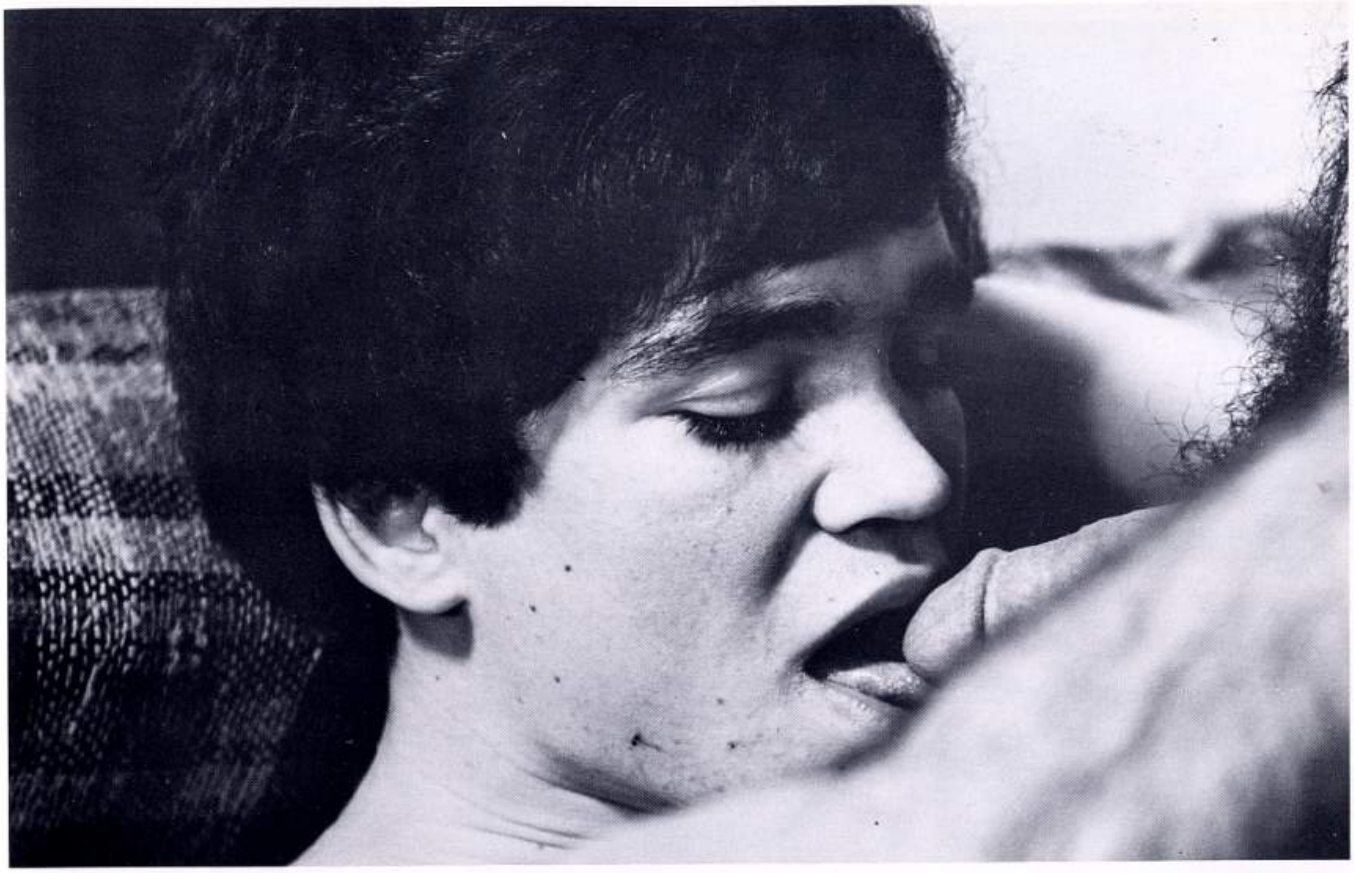

er—we were kissing—then he had his clothes off and we were still kissing—then he was in the shower with me and me running my tongue all over his lean, smooth body, even tasting the saltiness remaining on the tip of his penis, reaching my tongue into the cleft of his cheeks, all the time with my own penis getting so rock-hard it hurt, getting bigger than it usually did when I played with myself. He had my testicles pressed tight in his hand, his teeth playing gently with the tip of my penis, then his lips closing over it and I felt myself sink into his hot mouth, felt the softness of his crown of hair tickling my belly. . . .

Dried off, we moved together to the living-room couch, Jim still busy sucking me, and me amazed at all the variety of feelings *that* produced, not just in my penis, which was getting the attention, but in my stomach, my legs, even my head, especially after I felt myself about to come, when I started really building up to an explosion, warning him maybe he'd better come off it because I was about to shoot. I didn't think he'd want to take it in his mouth, but he just pressed his hands tighter against my sides, and let my penis slide back all the way down his throat, twisting his neck back and forth to pump me until I felt the explosions begin in my groin, felt the juice shoot up my shaft and into his throat.

He seemed to gag for a moment, as if his head wanted to jerk free, but he held onto me with his hands, and even his throat seemed to be milking the last drops of juice out of me.

I thought he'd want to stop then, but he backed off joking, saying how good that was, and I was surprised to find I was still good and hard, so he worked on

me, half serious and half teasing, for what seemed like another hour, until I flooded his mouth again (he didn't have it all the way in this time)—but by the time I finally ejaculated, my penis was almost getting to feel numb.

We did all kinds of things after that, just finding out all about each other's bodies, and what kind of touching would trigger unexpected reactions, and how some things I could do to some part of his body seemed to let me know what he was really like on the inside, I mean, that although I had been so hung up about touching another guy, and Jim had seemed real bold about bringing me out, actually he was a lot shyer than me, in spite of the sorta cocky exterior.

He was so gentle I couldn't believe it, but most of the cockwork was mine, stickin him in the mouth and then in the ass, wrestling him around all over the apartment. I don't mean he just

laid there, but basically, he was passive, and while his tongue and hands kept good and busy, I think he'd been more satisfied if I'd just picked him up and used him rough, really raping him, even hurting him a little. I know he squealed in delight every time I pinched or poked him or anything like that.

And the whole evening, part of me was wanting to make it a permanent thing between the two of us, while part of me was knowing that wasn't meant to be. I don't know why. We didn't say nothing about it. Just, when we were finished, he said, "It's been the greatest," and left.

We were both satisfied. And that was the last I ever saw of him.

Waylaid

As told by
BILL MARKHAM
To FRANK GOLOVITZ

Have you ever looked out your window and seen a guy on the street who you wanted so bad you could taste him? Well, it's happened to me more times than I can remember, and more'n ever since I've been hiding out in this damned room.

Some guys I know real well pulled a big heist, and I was seen around with them enough for the cops to have reason to think I was involved, so, foolish maybe, I got me a gun and I've been hiding out for weeks. Only a couple buddies know where I am, and they drop in once in a while with groceries

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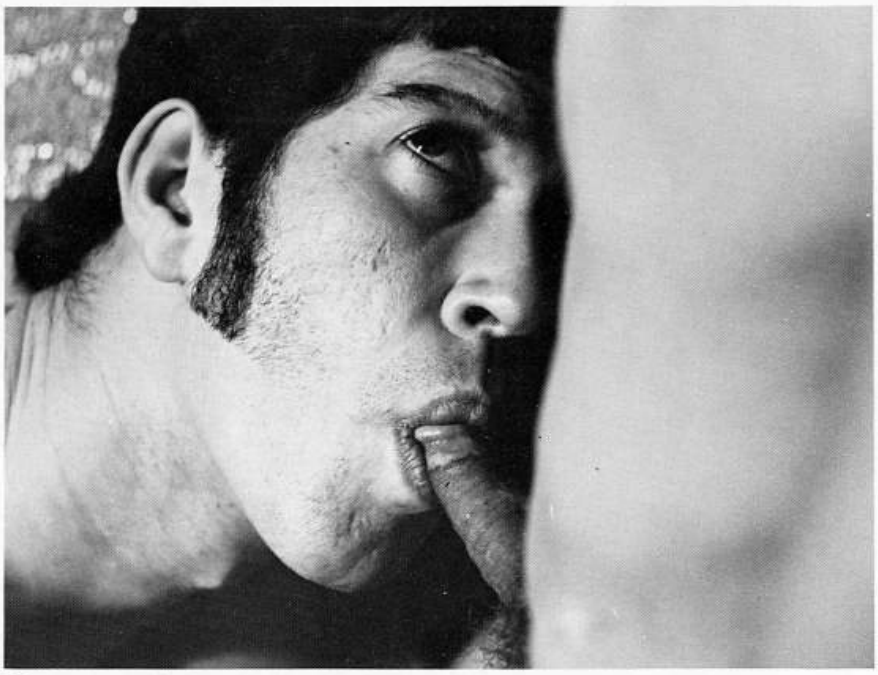

and stuff like that I need. But I'd still have to go out twice to the store halfway down the block when I run out of something I couldn't wait for, and it's a damned hairy experience, not knowing if they're hunting me, not knowing if my picture may have been circulated on some wanted list, but knowing I have that hunted look on my face, that look the fuzz can spot a mile off.

And I wasn't involved in the job at all! But the way they work, the fuzz, I mean, on any job where somebody got his head blown off, is to take anybody who was near the place, anybody that even knew the bunch that did it—and that could make me guilty on both counts.

Anyhow, this Wednesday, I was nervous as a cat. I hadn't got my rocks off all week, and hadn't got them off in any way that really satisfied since before this whole mess started, an I was even thinkin of contactin a buddy an askin him to pick up one of the hustlers up on Selma to give me some head. But that'd only be telling two more people where I was at. . . .

If only there was some way of knowing if they were looking for me!

I mean I might have been hiding out here all this time, and not been in any danger at all. On the other hand, I heard that the cops had picked up Joe Mace, who knew I was in with some of the guys who pulled the heist, but who probably would have been kept in the dark about just who was involved.

Anyhow, I was nervous, horny, tired of eating pork'n beans and dumb sandwiches, and just tired of the whole scene.

And that was when I looked out the window and saw this young stud—Tony Aaronson, his name turned out to be—hitchhiking north toward the Valley. It all hit me at the same time: my own

wanting to head back out to North Hollywood; his looks; his free-and-easy manner; and my wanting to fuck him.

I didn't even think about it. I stuck the gun in my jacket pocket, pulled on the jacket while I was racing downstairs–I *never* used that clanky old elevator–and to the outside stairway where I stopped long enough to make sure nobody else was around, and also to get a better look at the guy.

Yes, he was exactly what I wanted, casual, lean, blond, and it wasn't my intention to take him gentle. I was ready for a first-class rape job!

He had a bag slung over his shoulder and was busy studying the oncoming traffic, of which there wasn't much, and none at all right that minute.

I came up behind him and tapped his shoulder, sayin, "Keep cool, keep quiet and come back in the building here with me and you won't get hurt."

He swung around, lookin jolted but not scared, and started to say something. I gave him a full view of the pistol coming out of my jacket pocket, but keeping it close so it wouldn't be too visible if anyone else was looking out of a window. He also scanned me up and down, and in two seconds, his hard-on was as visible as mine.

"That's what I want," I said, making it sound rough and urgent, "and I want it fast. You take one or the other," I nodded from my crotch to the pistol, "they're both loaded. You want a bullet in the face, or my jism up yer ass?"

"I'm *not* partial to bullets," he said, with a weak laugh.

"Then walk natural ahead of me into the building, and if we pass anybody you feel you have to have words with, they better not be the kind of words that'll raise suspicion. This gun'll be right behind you, and I know how to use it."

Halfway up the hall, he muttered, "How do I know you won't shoot me anyway after . . . after we have sex?"

"Let's say you *don't* know, really. Your first choice is whether I shoot you right now, and that isn't much of a choice for either one of us. Your second choice is what they call open-ended. You

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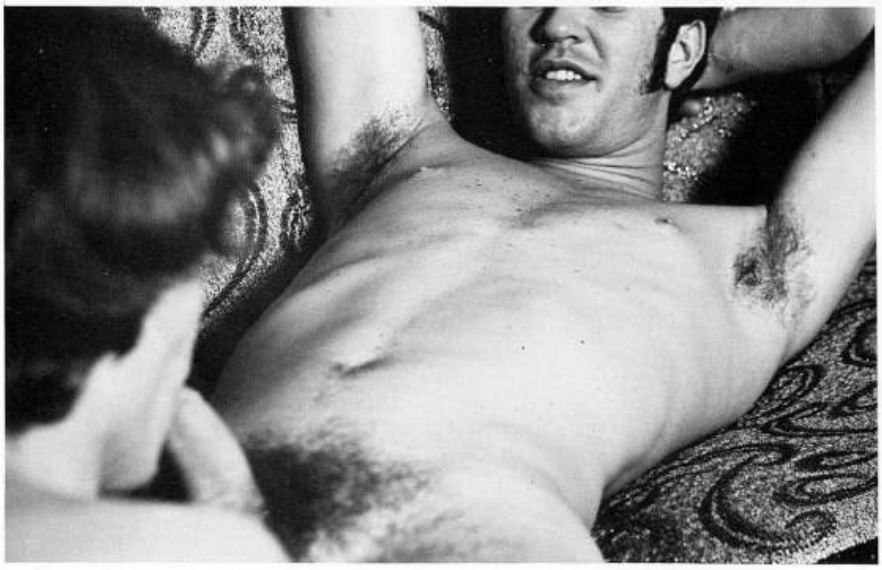
might just suck me and then take it up the ass, and go on wherever you was hitching to, or just maybe, all you'll be getting is a hour's reprieve before you get the bullet. I guess it depends on you all the way. . . ."

"And *why?*"

"Cause I liked your looks. Cause I'm cooped up and hard up, cause I haven't been far outa this building for five weeks. The pigs are looking for me for something I didn't have anything to do with, and I'm a little off my nut with desperation. So don't trifle with me. You do exactly what I tell you, and we'll have us a little loving, and chances are you'll come out of this with your skin intact."

"What if someone else saw you out there with that gun?"

"I don't think they did, but howsoever, that's a chance that's al-



ready been taken. We just play the game as the moves come up. Okay?"

"Okay," he said. "Anyway, my ass ain't exactly virgin territory."

So by then we were inside the apartment which my friend—who was on a business trip to Copenhagen—had let me use, and I'd found out this guy's name and bare statistics, and got him on his knees in front of me to take my pants down and release my cock, which was straining to be free, to be taken care of. I was brandishing the gun openly now, more because it increased the sexual electricity between us than because I felt a

need to keep it pointed at him all the time.

I kept it aimed right at his forehead, my finger tense on the trigger, while he gave me a super-hot blow-job—and oh Jesus, did he ever suck good! I'd been savin my stuff since a week before I holed up here, so he got the first load pretty fast, and I didn't even go half soft, so he kept right on sucking. I was undressed, with him bouncing his head on my rod all the time, by the time he took my second good shot. Then he stripped down too and I laid back on the couch for him to work over me some more, not only sucking my cock, but takin in a lot more territory with his terrific tongue. I'd got pretty careless with the gun by this time, sometimes having my eyes closed from enjoyin what he was doing, and the gun held loose in my hand right where he could of grabbed it.

Finally, he said, "Look, Bill, I don't know and don't care what your beef with the law is. I've promised I'll cooperate so far as the sex is concerned. So you can put that gun down, and I won't be trying to grab it. That's a promise."

Then he went back down on me, his mouth raging over my cock, and after a couple minutes more I laid the gun aside. Then I went down on him—about which time I was getting filled with really good feelings about the guy—and goddamn! was that bastard hung! We got wrestling around all over the couch, first one, then the other of us on top, gettin really loving, and at one point he picked up the gun and said, laughing, "Hey baby, if you don't want me using this on *you*—and believe me, I know how too, hadn't you oughta put it outa the way somewhere?"

"It helps keep things charged up," I laughed. "Besides, I want it

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nandy, case company comes in."

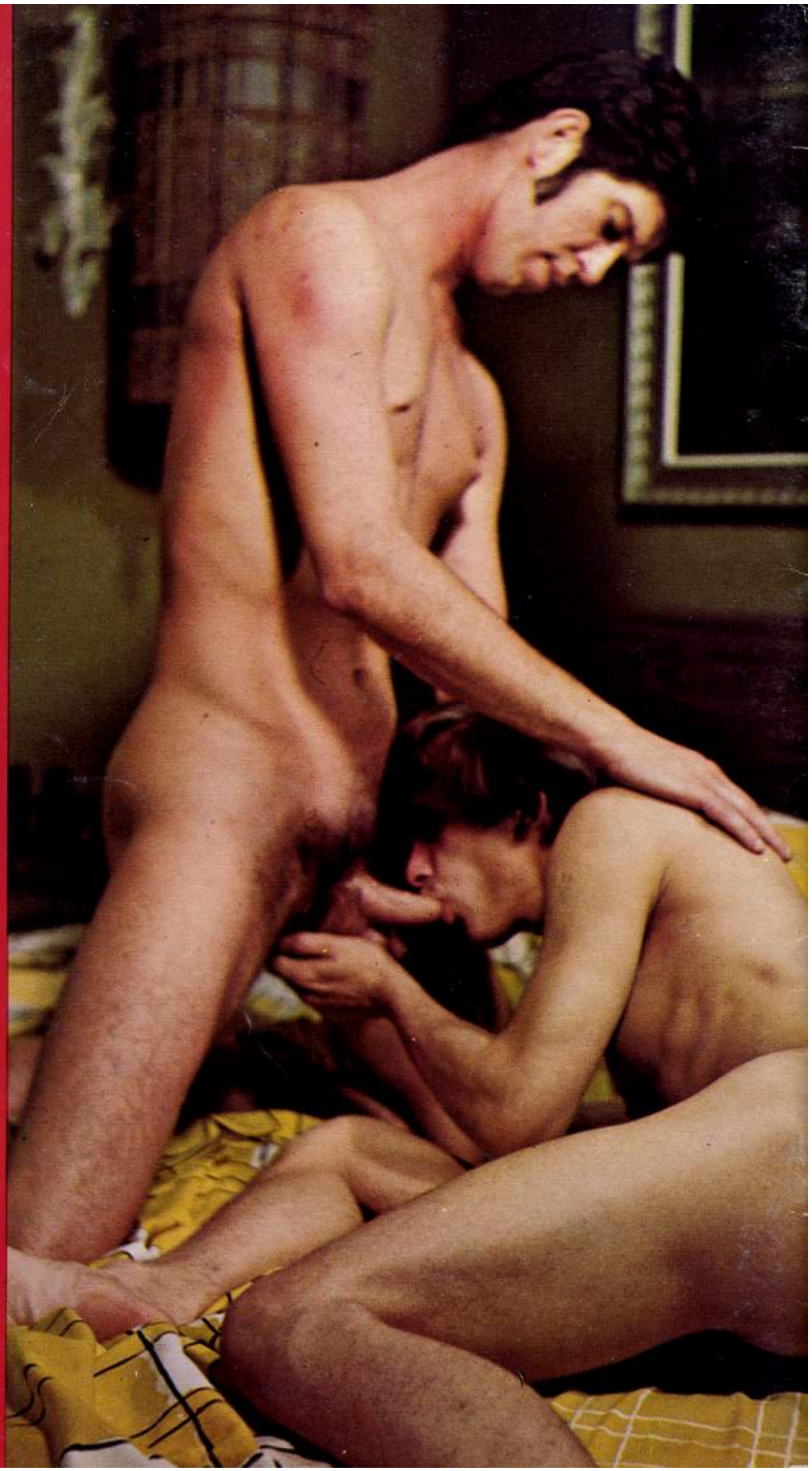
We talked a while, about my situation. He said his brother was a cop, in homicide, and that maybe he could find out if I was wanted. That jolted me bad, but the way we were embracing when he said it, I could feel all through him, and I was sure he wouldn't do me dirt. He said also he could drop by several times a week and bring me something better to eat, and we could have some more sex.

Then I reminded him of my promise to fuck his ass. I put him on his back on the bed, raised his tail, lubricated myself, then stuck it to him. He'd said that wasn't virgin territory—and believe me, Tony had a tail that knew how, so even if I'd already fired my pistol four times in his mouth, I gave him one hell of a wild fuck, and his rump never stopped moving for one second while I did it. I was almost too exhausted to get off the bed when it was over.

He was fresh as ever. He got dressed, saying he'd try to talk to his brother—discreetly—and would be back tomorrow afternoon.

It wasn't until after I saw him back down on the street, his thumb out, that I started worrying about whether I should really be trusting a kid whose brother was fuzz. But shit, I'd had enough of it the other way. Like I'd said to him earlier, I'd just play the game as the moves came up—and I sure felt this time like I had a winning hand.

HARD TO TAKE



NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS